THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2665. Tuesday, June 29, 1830. Price 1d.

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer*.

Haymarket Theatre.

A MOST crowded house assembled last night, to witness Kean's splendid representation of *Othello*, which he played with his usual excellence. Miss F. H. Kelly has improved her *Desdemona*, but the audience were not very kind to her. *The Wedding Day*, and *Tom Thumb*, were the concluding pieces.

Last night, Mr. Mathews closed a very successful season at the Adelphi Theatre.

The Adelphi opens on Thursday with *The Sister of Charity*, *Lying Made Easy*, and *The Middle Temple*.

Astley's, and the West London, were very fully and fashionably attended last night.

VAUXHALL.—This delightful place of amusement may be said to have commenced its season last night, for though, we believe, it opened on Friday last, the weather was unpropitious, that it could scarcely be called an opening; the elements seem at last resolved to look more kindly upon us, and we trust, this charming spot, which depends so entirely upon them, will feel the genial change beneficially; —like the poor farmers, it will have but a short sunshine to make hay in this season. The gardens, last night, presented very much the appearance of last season; we observed but little alteration; there is a new musical Temple, and the waterworks are differently arranged; they now exhibit an allegorical procession of votive offerings to Neptune and Britannia. We noticed a droll inconsistency above the orchestra, where shone conspicuously the letters W. R. IV. meant, we presume, for William Rex; the lamplighters probably not being aware that *Gulielmus* should have been coupled with Rex. At the end of the Vaudeville, 'God save the King,' was sung, and received with much enthusiasm by the audience. The presence of the new police in every part of the gardens, though, perhaps, necessary, has an unpleasant appearance; we think if they were instructed to keep a little more in the back ground, and not to lounge about on the seats, it might be as well. The Gardens, we are sorry to say, were neither fully or fashionably attended; we trust they will improve in this respect, as there is much to gratify and amuse. The bands were well selected

The Dublin papers are still at variance with regard to the reception of Mr. Wood and Miss Paton, they have again appeared in *Love in a Village*, and the lady appears to have been well received; meanwhile

a curious letter, of which the following is an extract, has been written to the Editor of *The Age*, by Mr. Collins, proprietor of the Spa House Hotel near Dublin :—"On Saturday last, a person came to my house and bespoke a bed-room and sitting-room, with an apartment for a female servant, for a fortnight. A carriage drove to the door at half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning, with three gentlemen and two females, and were so noisy and clamorous for supper that they awoke all the inmates of the house. Two of the gentlemen returned to Dublin in the carriage, and in the morning we discovered that our new lodgers were Mr. Wood and Lady Lennox, and her female servant.—Without any hesitation the lady and gentleman went to bed together, and on Sunday they were visited by Mr. Bunn, who dined with them; since which I am tormented and disgraced in my house, and have not as yet got rid of them. Their conduct is most barefaced, making the same uproar every night, when they come from the Theatre.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor, I address you from the elegant Divan now open at 102, Strand, where I am a constant visitor;—here I find matchless cigars, exquisite coffee, profusion of magazines and newspapers, and elegant decorations render the establishment the very essence of comfort and fashion—do pop in—just wish to say a word—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday I visit the *Diorama*, in the Regent's Park, to see the two new and enchanting Views—Mount St. Gothard, painted by M. Daguerre, and Rheims Cathedral, by M. Bouton—these *chef d'œuvres*, in my opinion, surpass all former efforts of those great masters.

Tuesday, call in at the Royal Bazaar, 73, Oxford Street—spendidly fitted up and magnificently arranged—visit the *British Diorama*, containing four views, &c. by Stanfield, &c.—highly interesting, and always crowded. Lounged in the *Physiorama*—consists of 14 views, from all parts of the world—the arrangement, in a gallery 200 feet long, are truly unique and indescribably beautiful—here I'm an enchanted traveller, visiting all the globe in a day.

Wednesday I drop in at the Exhibition of Sculpture, Old Bond Street, to view the figures, life size, of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, the Landlord and the Landlady—delighted beyond measure—work of that self-taught artist, James Thom—saw Tam making love to the landlady—a rich scene—the landlord's tipsey—his legs dead drunk—*pose* of figures admirable—whoever has read Burns must see them.

From thence, I wander to No. 15, Oxford Street, just to take a peep at Mr. Wilmshurst's large Picture, in enamel, of *The Tournament* of the Cloth of Gold—a most triumphant effort, inimitable execution, astonishing labour, and a most admirable hit—found the Gothic Hall crowded with visitors, of the highest class, desirous of patronising the genius of this young artist.

On Friday, I pop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

I daily, between 1 and 4, qualify Mrs. Pry's discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found at *The Apollonicon*, 101, St. Martin's Lane.—Market and Fishermen's Chorus, from the Opera of Masaniello, enchanting!

I nightly lounge in the lobbies—fond of adventure—observed a beautiful Sylph admiring herself in my boots—'Why, Mr. Pry,' says she, 'does a great actress resemble Warren's Jet Blacking?' 'Because she cuts a *shine*.'—I never give it up.—but I intrude, beg pardon, your's,

PAUL PRY.

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King's Theatre.

This Evening, the Opera of

CENERENTOLA.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS BY

Signor DONZELLI, Signor LABLACHE,
Signor SANTINI, Signor DE ANGELI.
Mademoiselle BLASIS, Mademoiselle SPECHI,
Mademoiselle CASTELLI.

To conclude with, the Ballet of

MASANIELLO.

The Principal Dancers

Mademoiselle ATHALIE, Mademoiselle CLARA,
Madlle. BROCARD,
Madlle. HULLIN, Madlle. ADELE,
Mademoiselle PEREZ, Mademoiselle MAILLET,
Madame COPERE,
Mesdames Julie Mersie, Beseke, Vedy, De Vis,
Griffiths, Pitte, Laura, Lydia, Clars, Bedford, &c.

Monsieur, COULON,
Monsieur GOSSELIN, Monsieur FREDERIC,
Monsieur D'ALBERT, Monsieur BERTRAM,
Monsieur SIMON, Mr O'BRIAN,
Monsieur GOURIET, Monsieur GEORGE.

Theatre Royal, Hay-Market.

This Evening, the Comedy of

Speed the Plough.

Sir Abel Handy, Mr W. FARREN,
Bob Handy, Mr VINING, Henry, Mr COOPER,
Sir Philip Blandford, Mr THOMPSON,
Gerald, Mr GALLOT, Evergreen, Mr COVENEY,
Farmer Ashfield, Mr WEBSTER,
Morrington, Mr W. JOHNSON, Peter, Mr V. Webster,
Miss Blandford, Miss F. H. KELLY,
Dame Ashfield.....Mrs GLOVER,
Susan Ashfield, Miss M. GLOVER,
Lady Handy.....Mrs TAYLEURE.

After which, a Comic Piece called

Popping the Question!

Mr Primrose, Mr W. FARREN,
Henry Thornton.....Mr COOKE,
Miss Biffiin, Mrs GLOVER,
Ellen, Mrs NEWCOMBE, Bobbin, Mrs HUMBY,
Miss Winterblossom, Mrs TAYLEURE.

To conclude with, the Opera of The

Barber of Seville.

Count Almaviva, Mr VINING,
Bartolo, Mr WILLIAMS, Figaro, Mr J. REEVE,
Basil, Mr C. MORRIS, Argus, Mr BISHOP,
Talboy, Mr V. WEBSTER, Officer, Mr COATES,
Fiorello, Mr COOKE.
Rosina, by A YOUNG LADY, (her 3d Appearance.)
Marcellina, Mrs NEWCOMBE.

To-morrow, Charles the Twelfth, Popping the Question, and the Happiest Day of my Life.